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Pat 'Em on the Shoulder

Try Expression of Appreciation Once In A While, Even At the Expense of Being Misunderstood.

Man is a selfish animal. Most of his thoughts are of himself, his business, his pleasure, his station in life.

Few of us think about the other fellow. We are not interested in his responsibilities or his pleasures except as they touch our own.

When a person sells us something, we are suspicious. When he gives us something, we are even more suspicious. In a world full of selfishness and egotism, a person fired by altruism is misunderstood.

Most of us have generous impulses. There are times when we would applaud and express appreciation, were it not for the fact that we fear that we would be misjudged.

The president of a Washington club recently arranged for a highly interesting entertainment. He devoted a great deal of time and energy to arranging details. A pleasant time was had by all.

Two members of the club wrote letters to the president expressing appreciation of the entertainment and of his work in connection with it. This club has eight hundred resident members, fully one-half of whom were present at the entertainment. The percentage of expression of appreciation was about one-half of one per cent.

It is easier to knock than to boost. The grumbler usually gets a hearing. The booster is accused of self-interest.

The world is in need of persons who appreciate, and who are not afraid to express appreciation, despite the possibility of being misunderstood.

The most valuable man in any organization is the one with the highest sense of appreciation. Acknowledgment of individual ability or industry presupposes recognition of merit. The employer who recognizes ability will build for himself an able staff of helpers, and if he expresses his recognition by praise or promotion he increases the morale of his staff.

There is a difference between praise and flattery. The flatterer has an axe to grind. The sincere friend merely wants to pat his fellow man on the back and say, "Well done."

Champ Clark, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives, says:

"The sweetest incense to the nose of the public man is the applause of the people."

The public man is no different from the private man. We are all glad to get a little pat on the back, and to hear some one say, "Atta boy."

A very young worker recently remarked to the writer: "When everything goes along all right, we get along well in our office. Nothing is said. But if things don't go right, there's the devil to pay."

He thought he had discovered a new law in nature. It was merely the old story of lack of appreciation.

Here is a tip to employers: The morale of your working force is as valuable as their experience. To encourage them to help themselves and thus to help you, try giving plenty of cheerful pats on the shoulder when things are going right.

Share your joys with your employes as well as your grouches. You will be the gainer in the end.

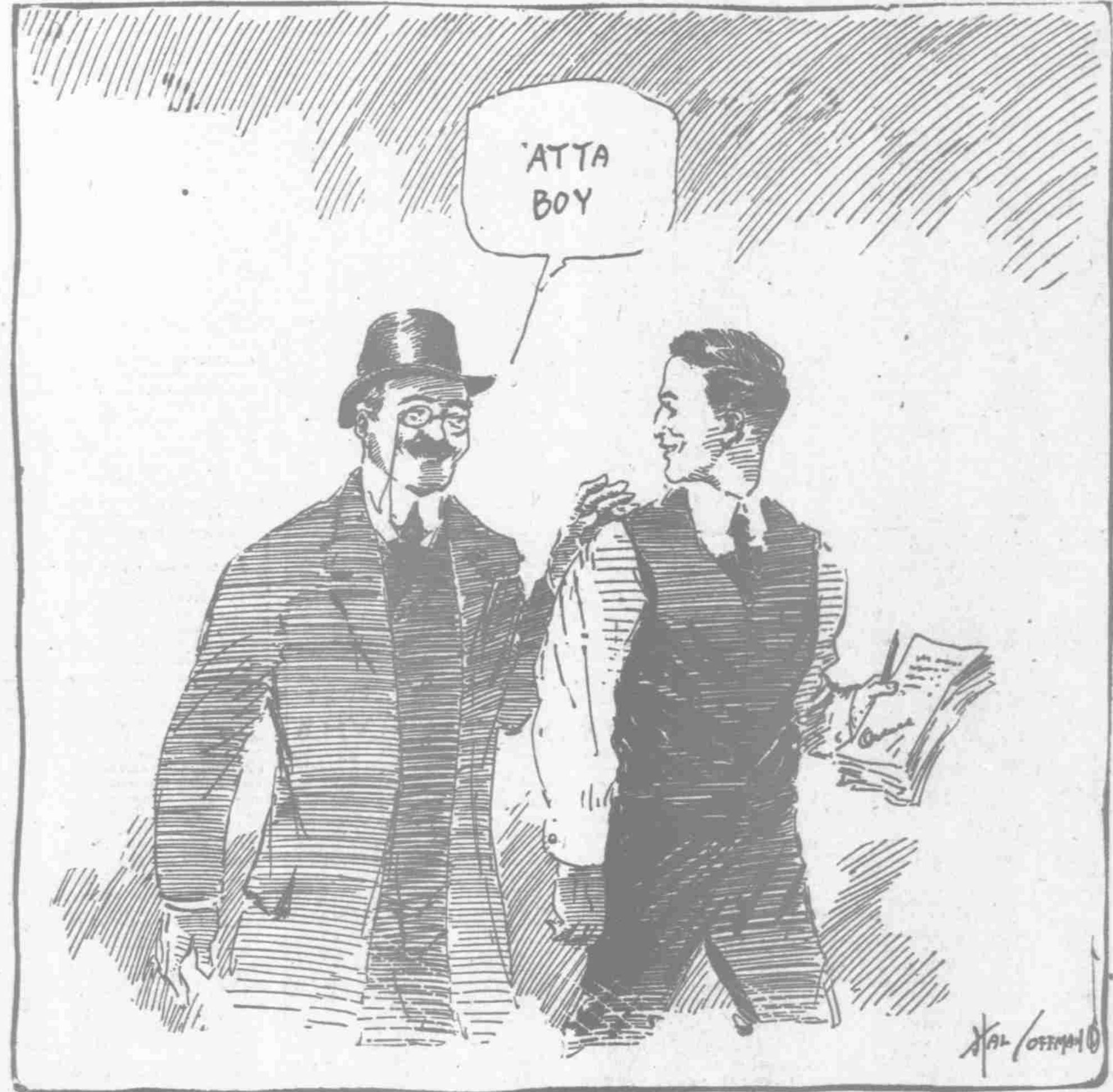
Soldier Blocked in Civil Service Promotion

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I have been reading your letters daily in regard to the bonus for ex-soldiers, sailors, and marines. Certainly appreciate the fact that you are interested in the boys who sacrificed everything for their country. The writer is an ex-soldier (no kicker), married and has served eighteen months in the United States army, and certainly think that Congress should do something for us boys who lost so much financially, as well as endured all kinds of hardships. If this is justice, then I think we are not entitled to a bonus. Before entering the army in September, 1917, I was employed under Civil Service at a salary of \$1,200, and after serving the above specified time in the U. S. army was reinstated in this department at the same salary. Have been in this office for seven months and it seems absolutely impossible to get a promotion. The auditor says the promotions are being made very slowly now, and as I wasn't employed in this office before I entered the army there were others who would be granted the increase in salary before he could promote me. Now you realize the living conditions have advanced nearly twice what they were two years ago, yet I am receiving the same salary which I did, after serving my country for one and a half years at \$30 per month. There are quite a few girls and women living with their parents who are receiving much better salaries than this, and in many cases, there are several girls as well as the parents, in the same family that are drawing a larger salary than

a great majority of married ex-soldiers. This is justice, isn't it, and a square deal? Another injustice is this: If one held a Civil Service status before entering the army, it is very difficult to get a position elsewhere, at a larger salary, for the first question the employer asks, "Do you hold Civil Service status?" It is impossible to transfer from one department to another at a larger salary, for I have two places in view now which would pay a much higher salary, but I cannot get transferred owing to the red tape. Is this justice to the boys? Just a word in reply to the letters written by Tom L. Saxon, Kensington, Md., in answer to the one written by E. P. F. C. in which he hopes the Government does not grant the bonus, married, and has a sufficiently large income, or there is something certainly wrong with him. Perhaps he is one of those shave-tails, which he spoke of, and got his commission by some political means. Here is the whole situation in a nut shell: If the Government would discontinue the thousands of automobiles which are sitting out in all kinds of weather, going to ruin, (in the different cantonments) as well as millions of dollars worth of other Government property which we all helped pay for, then they could give the boys a very liberal bonus. If this was done then there would be no need for E. P. F. C. or his parents or Mr. Saxon to contribute to this worthy cause. E. X., room 716, Auditor for War Department.

Give 'Em a Boost



THE HASKIN LETTER

RECREATION VERSUS UNREST

By Frederic J. Haskin.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—A new antidote for the industrial unrest which grows daily more restless in this country is now being prepared by the War Camp Community Service. It consists of a nation-wide program of recreation for civilians, much the same as that which was carried on for soldiers and sailors during the war.

It is broadly hinted that big business will put up big money for the support of this effort to fight Bolshevism with fun.

Beginning the first of November the War Camp Community Service is going to drop the War Camp and retain merely the name "Community Service." It will then start a drive to obtain funds with which to organize community play all over the country along the lines it has organized here in New York. The idea seems to be to get everybody playing so contentedly during his spare time that he will forget all about the high cost of living and profiteering and other disagreeable problems that tend to put him in a rebellious frame of mind. There is nothing like a good old-fashioned glee club, or choral society, or amateur theatricals, or a pageant, or even a weekly dance, for dispelling discontent.

Job to Keep Men Content. At least, so argues the new Community Service, and it ought to know, for that was its job for over a year—keeping an army of four million men contented.

"Entertainment has always succeeded in this respect," declared Marius McGuffey, manager of the entertainment bureau of the service, appeared at the door, a mandolin and a banjo clasped in their respective arms, and Mr. McGuffey rose to give them a cordial greeting and direct them to a nearby room.

"Dropped in to do a little practicing for the show we are putting on tonight down at the Americanization center," he explained, returning while the sound of a banjo keeping pace with the mandolin immediately began in the other room. The stenographers went on with their work as if they were quite used to such instructions.

"The importance of entertainment in combating restlessness is now so well understood," continued Mr. McGuffey, "that the most prominent captains of industry are lending us their support in this forthcoming campaign. I have just returned from a very interesting conference where some very disquieting facts were frankly discussed. It was more than whispered in the conference room

that there was great danger; that in three or four months the country might be in a hopeless state of chaos, if something is not done. Well, the captains of industry decided to do it. They decided to contribute about a fourth of their millions in order to keep the other three-fourths, this fourth to be used largely in providing amusement and recreation for the people.

Send Out Trained Leaders. "Trained leaders are to be sent out to communities all over the country to organize recreation centers, games, amateur theatricals, and social affairs. People will not only be provided with free entertainment, but they will be trained to provide entertainment for others. This will help to supply that

demand for self-expression, which is one of the most significant manifestations of this age—sometimes it is called "the will to power." One night several months ago, a group of five girls appeared to watch one of the choral rehearsals that was going on. When a third of the way through the director suddenly discovered that the girl who was to sing the next solo had not shown up. This was the third rehearsal she had missed, and as the part was important, her absence was a distinct handicap. The director could not refrain from unbending his outraged feelings, whereupon one of the girls in the group of five shoved her neighbor, an embarrassed damsel of eighteen, forward, and said: "Here, get her to sing it for you."

She knows the whole of 'Pinafore' by heart."

The director looked at the girl and was also embarrassed. As he confided to the manager afterward, she appeared awkward—"top-heavy" was the word he used—that he was sure she couldn't sing, and that she would hurt rather than aid rehearsal. However, in the face of four enthusiastic feminine supporters, he did not have the temerity to turn the offer down. Much to his amazement, therefore, he discovered that the girl had a voice. After the first few minutes of nervousness, it developed into a clear, high soprano, which left the entire company a trifle breathless with surprise. It was absolutely untrained and unspoiled.

The girl did not even know there was anything remarkable about it. But she does now, and is studying hard with a view to achieving grand opera. In addition to its theatrical activities, the playhouse contains a fencing school, a ballet class, a boxing class and a basketball floor. The stranger entering the door of the house any evening is met by a hostess, who introduces him and asks him if he would like to take part in some of the activities instead of merely looking on. If so, she makes an appointment for him with one of the directors or teachers the next day, before whom his special talent is displayed and judged. Many do not care to do anything more conspicuous than attend the weekly dances given in the auditorium or join one of the large choruses. But whatever he does, he meets a large number of people and plays with them, and so enjoys himself.

Valuable in New York. Such facilities are particularly valuable here in New York where people can often remain for many months and never meet anyone more friendly than a subway conductor. An Englishwoman, speaking of this feature the other day, said that she was in this country for over a year before she met anyone socially. In London, she explained, the women talked to each other in the Museum and other public places, but she attended the Public Library here in New York for six months without having anyone address a friendly remark to her with the exception of the elevator girl.

This loneliness, according to the experts, is one big factor in the industrial unrest, and the lack of normal, healthy pleasures is another. Get people together and let them play, and they will cease to worry about the social order. Such is the theory of this move to make recreation general. Whether or not it stops the spread of radical and liberal opinion, it deserves support as a sincere effort to increase the joy of living.

Q.—Who writes, "Ideas of Plain Country Women?" C. D. A.
A.—Juliette V. Strauss is the author of this feature. She was born in Rockville, Indiana, in 1862, and was educated in the public schools. She began writing for the Rockville Tribune which was owned by her husband. She has contributed to Indian and various other newspapers and magazines.
Q.—What is the proper way to place an address on an envelope? A. R.
A.—It should be written in the following form: FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Washington, D. C.
1435 You Street.
The reason for writing the address this way is that the mail may be handled more expeditiously by the Postoffice Department. The clerks who handle the letters through all of the stages of its journey, from the writer to the recipient, are not interested in the street address. When the street address is placed as here indicated it may be ignored until it finally reaches the letter carrier.
Q.—What did the Peace Conference at Paris cost the United States? C. C.
A.—President Wilson asked for an appropriation of \$27,547 for the expenses of the peace delegates and their staffs. It is estimated that the total amount will be over \$1,000,000.
Q.—If a man riding on a car which is moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour leaps into the air, will the car run under him or will he come down in the same place from which he leaped? S. E. F.
A.—The car will not run under him because his body is traveling at the same rate as the car.
Q.—Is the present government of France and its President Poincaré? O. M. K.
A.—President Poincaré is not a Socialist, and the Socialist party does not rule in France.
Q.—Is it possible for a snake to charm a human being? M. G. R.
A.—The Biological Survey says that it is impossible for a snake to charm a human being.
Q.—Are the men who served in the United States Merchant Marine during the war entitled to the \$50 bonus? J. T.
A.—They are not. The question of giving a bonus to persons who have served in the Merchant Marine has been referred to Congress, but to date nothing has been done along this line.
Q.—How did the Government get its flour during the war? D. H. V.
A.—It bought the wheat on the fixed price, took this raw material to the mills, studied the mills to determine the cost of

Why Not Ask Congress To Help Settle Our Street Car Problem

By EARL GODWIN.

The Public Utilities Commission has the hardest job on earth, and it might do well to cut the whole knot and tell Congress something like this:

"This is NO problem to be settled without law. You created these two street railway companies, and look what a mess they are in. You fix it."

In other words, the ONLY way to get a five-cent fare is by law.

When Congress started the two roads it had no idea one road would reach this stage in a highly prosperous condition and that the other would be hard put to pay its operating expenses. No one foresaw the various tangles and troubles that have been a nightmare to the town, the passengers, the officials of the roads and the members of the Public Utilities Commission. When the Public Utilities Commission was created no one could have foretold the troubles that lay before it.

Yet there is in the law creating the commission a provision that when a valuation is found it shall be reported to Congress within ten days.

Surely that seems to indicate that Congress believed it should fix a street car fare rate; or at least that Congress maintained an interest in the Washington street car situation.

We have a situation here that NO utilities commission can cure permanently.

This is the reason: Every time a rate is raised it is followed by another raise; and so forth and so on.

Meantime the service is not improved, the population is increasing, and the general disgust of the public is waxing rather than waning.

The public is sore on the two-cent transfer charge. It wants a five-cent fare with universal FREE transfers.

The city will not develop without the easiest and best street car traffic; and the increased street car fares in other cities have not proved a blessing by any means.

There are ways to get a five-cent fare; and one of the ways is through the Kutz plan; another is by the Syme merger plan.

The idea is to have perfect service wherever needed, a five-cent fare and the deficit, if any, to be made up out of general taxation.

Congress is ready and willing to correct the street car muddle here.

Why not ask Congress to help!

HEARD AND SEEN

The best looking drug clerk is C. PERRY BECKLEY in DR. WHITELEY'S at 8th and K S. E.

AN EX-MARINETTE.

Proof Readers' Day Off. Major Crissey and Sergeant Thomas Maj. Crissey and Sgt. Thomas were instantly killed when their plane fell 100 feet at Buena Vista landing field, near Salt Lake City.

Assistant Secretary of War Crowell had a narrow escape when the machine in which he went up with Lieut. Cleary left 150 feet at Roosevelt Field. Neither was hurt, however.

—HERALD.

Hitting Them In The Eye. In the Congressional Record of October 8 Joe Fordney has a speech extended, and it starts off with these fateful words:

"MR. FORDNEY rose and took the floor amid applause."

CARL FLATHER Barrel Club. Far be it from me to push myself forward in the limelight of pitiless publicity, but you have so many cute little ideas that I really cannot resist the opportunity of coming out.

The modest little hiding place, basking in the sunshine of your brilliancy and then retreating to oblivion. Please enter me for a prominent officership in the CARL FLATHER'S BARREL CLUB. I went to his office the day after yesterday when he was pinched and filled my old-fashioned organs until I was rocking with a little colic. It cost you \$2; it cost me nothing, but then you are famous and I am unknown. I even went further and shadowed the Captain over to Baltimore Saturday week retracing by boat, but could not prevail upon him to open up, the only question he would respond to being "WHEN DO WE EAT?" I am going on the same trip this Saturday when he chaperons Columbia Commandery and if successful in loosening him up will take pleasure in reporting to the Club, if it is formed on my return.

F. B. KEEFER

I would have given another two dollars to smell that barrel again so LEO SACK and I violated all the parking regulations on earth just to get a chance at it—but the kind faced policeman on the beat just laughed and told us to be good boys and let it go at that.

BILL PRICE is neither sick nor fired. He is taking that well-earned vacation.

Someone has sent me a copy of a remarkable paper named the DIPPYBOX, published at the Headquarters of the U. S. Marine Corps. It is a three page paper, published without regard to the libel law, and its staff comprises Q. M. CLERK ROY S. LANE, editor; Lieut. JOHN BRADY, associate editor; Pressman SGT. CHARLES KAISER.

Now if I attempted to print some of the stuff the Dippybox editors print there would be a nice little funeral party wending its way over the hill to the cemetery. I can't

even reprint ALL of it—but here are a few of the milder samples. ROUGH STUFF. Sergeant Graham Wilson, who handles the roster of officers for watch duty in the absence of Q. M. Clerk Lane, attempted a few days ago, to sign Major Bogan up for three watches in one week, but the Major stationed out on him like a cake of ice on a red-hot stove. Graham retreated.

ANSWERED. Dear Editor: A Marinette got angry with me and called me a big "blimp." What did she mean by that? DENNIS KEATING.

SERGEANT FRANK STOVER, Colonel Lyman's hired man, wants to know where he can buy a "blank file."

VINCENT EGAN offers this recipe for a drink that is within the law, and yet has the kick of an Army mule. Says Vince: Mix three fingers of gasoline with two of household ammonia, pour in six ounces of hitro-glycerine, stir gently with a stick of TNT, and at the same time pass a lighted match over the mixing utensil. The birdies then begin to twitter.

Who remembers the last time MICKEY BAGAN, the working girls' friend, had his hair cut? Wonder what that black smudge is on Curly Cecil's upper lip? Saw one of our regular Lieuts. at Cafe St. Mark's several nights ago. As a shimmy dancer I'll say he shakes a "wicked shoulder." "Sno use, girls, I refuse to tell who he is."

COLONEL W. GARLAND FAY, who controls the destiny of all Marines who aspire to marksmanship honors, and, in his spare time, does agricultural stunts on his farm near Leonardtown, is in the market for a combination cob-crusher and finney-nail file.

JOHN BRADY, recruiting expert, is on the war-path. It seems that at the last meeting of the Southeast Biological Society John submitted an alcohol specimen for study. During the discussion which followed, one of the members drank the alcohol. And now Charley Kaiser's name is not on John's visiting list.

HERE'S WHERE THE DIPPYBOX STUFF ENDS.

AUG MOELLER, maitre d'hotel at the Willard is smiling all over these days because he was told by the Swiss Mission recently that the Willard was the best hotel they had seen. And Switzerland is the hotel man's native country. The hotel is a natural product of that mountainous country.

Music. P. Percy Johnson has come back to the old home town on a vacation. P. Percy has made progress. When he was a boy in Atchison he played the guitar, but now he plays the callopie.

ATCHISON GLOBE